

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Bloud stained with these valiant combatants,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer  
Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and rore for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your Vncle. *Enter War.*

*Hot.* Speake of Mortimer.  
Zounds I will speake of him: and let my soule  
Want mercie, if I do not ioyne with him:  
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these veines,  
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the downe trod Mortimer  
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cankerd Bullingbrooke.

*North.* Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

*War.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

*War.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

*North.* He was, I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
Vpon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*War.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth  
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you, did King Richard then  
Proclaime my brother Mortimer  
Heire to the crowne?

*North.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his coosen King,  
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.  
But shall it be that you that set the crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake weare the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be  
That you a world of curses vndergo,  
Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To shew the line and the predicament,  
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,  
Or fill vp chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobilitie and power  
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)  
To put downe Richard that sweete lovely Rose,  
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,